

362 SONNETS.  
*PARTHENOPHIL* V

SONNET XLI I.



Ass all! Ah, no! No jot will be  
omitted, Now though my sun within the water  
rest; Yet doth his scalding fury still infest Into  
this sign. While that my PHOEBUS flitted,  
Thou moved these streams; whose courses thou  
committed To me, thy Water-man bound! and  
addressed To pour out endless drops upon that  
soil Which withers most, when it is watered  
best! Cease, floods! and to your channels,  
make recoil! Strange floods, which on my fire  
burn like oil! Thus while mine endless furies  
higher ran, Thou! thou, PARTHENOPHE! my  
rage begun; Sending thy beams, to heat my  
fiery sun: Thus am I Water-man, and Fire-  
man!

X

SONNET XLI I I.



Ow in my Zodiac's last  
extremest sign, My luckless  
sun, his hapless Mansion made;  
And in the water, willing more to  
wade, To Pisces did his chariot wheels  
incline:  
For me (poor Fish!) he, with his golden line  
Baited with beauties, all the river lade,  
(For who, of such sweet baits would stand  
afraid?) There nibbling for such food as  
made me pine,  
LOVE'S Golden Hook, on me took  
sudden hold; And I down swallowed  
that impoisoned gold. Since then,  
devise what any wisher can,  
Of fiercest torments! since, all joys devise!  
Worse griefs, more joys did my true heart  
comprise than Such, were LOVE'S baits! my  
crafty Fisherman.